in the narrow space behind the cabinets, each of us had to write two or three articles every day, at the same time checking the proofs, answering telephone calls, and talking with visitors. Our articles were probably a notch or two above the level of other provincial newspapers, but I found little satisfaction in this work.

The newspaper was continuously in financial trouble. The circulation did not rise fast enough. Advertisements could be obtained only at "special rates." Twice *New Siberia* was fined for articles about local strikes, but otherwise we could not complain of administrative persecution. Our newspaper perished because of an inexcusable mistake on our part.

Our deficit was increasing from month to month, and our "angels" could not meet it indefinitely. We were at the end of our wits when Rozhkov conceived the idea of asking the local theater to stage a benefit performance for our paper—a practice not uncommon in Russia. An organization would pay the theater a lump sum and try to collect much more by selling the tickets to its sympathizers. The theater agreed to put on the local première of a current hit in St. Petersburg. The terms were very generous: we were to pay only the cost of heating and lighting the building. With luck we could net up to two thousand rubles and meet a two-month deficit! The tickets sold quickly, mainly among workers and commercial employees.

The theater management, in its turn, advertised the première in the usual way, without mentioning that the tickets were being distributed by political exiles. To conform with police regulations, the cashier of the theater demanded only that we deposit in the booking office all the money we were collecting for the tickets. After the performance the receipts would be checked against the stubs of tickets sold, we would receive the money, and pay the agreed sum to the theater.

The audience was rather unusual. I sat with Rozhkov in the second row, among our printers, and we were both touched at seeing our timid, poorly dressed girl mailers in armchairs—five rubles apiece—in the first row. I do not remember the title of the play or what went on on the stage. No sooner had the curtain gone up than an usher came to us and whispered, "The gendarmes are in the box office."

Rozhkov went to talk with them. The officer asked him, "Are you the Mr. Rozhkov who has rented the theater for this evening? Since when are you in the entertainment business?" Rozhkov answered that the purpose of the performance was to raise funds for the *New Siberia*.

"A worthy purpose," admitted the officer. "Your license, please?"

"What license?" Rozhkov asked in surprise.

"Whatever your purpose, you must have a license to run a public show and sell tickets. Sign here, please."